

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

whereabouts, if he knew even so much about them.

What further steps were taken by the disemitted divine, the mistress, or her boarding-house sympathizers, I have not been informed.

But with regard to Cordelia: She took her departure for Canada in the midst of the late Daniel Webster (Fugitive) trial, week before last, with the hope of being permitted to enjoy the remainder of her life in freedom and peace. Being a member of the Baptist Church, and professing to be a Christian, she was persuaded, by industry and the assistance of the Lord, a way would be open to the seeker of freedom even in a strange land and among strangers.

V. C.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29, 1859.

LETTER FROM THE HON. J. R. GIDDINGS.

JEFFERSON, May 4, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You ask my opinion in regard to the past action, and the future course of the Oberlin prisoners, now in jail at Cleveland for violating the fugitive slave enactment.

That measure was passed under the influence of threats and intimidation. Disunion and bloodshed were proclaimed as the alternative in case of refusal. Before such insolence Northern members bowed in unmanly submission, surrendering their own individuality, the rights of their States, and the honor of the nation. The page of our political history that records the passage of that act will long be read with mortification and regret. It constitutes a legislative incident in that war so long waged, and carried on by the party now in power against the colored men of our nation; a war in which men, women and children have been butchered in cold blood for their love of liberty, a war in which free persons are enslaved, and slaves are murdered even upon the soil of Ohio with perfect impunity: a war which subjects colored people to a commerce, from the horrors of which they shrink, preferring death by their own hands rather than meet its tortures; a war in which mothers are driven to the horrible choice of slaying their own children rather than permit them to live and become subject to the degradation that awaits them in life. This war is sometimes called "piratical," but I have yet to find the record of pirates who doomed their victims to death, merely for their love of liberty. It is a slander upon piracy, to compare this war with that in which they slay their victims for the comparatively execrable purpose of obtaining money. In this war more than twenty thousand human victims are annually sacrificed.

This slave enactment under which our friends are imprisoned, was passed in order to involve the people of the free States in this guilt; for the purpose of making them accessories to such crimes. It was passed by a Locofoco Congress. A Locofoco Marshal selects a Locofoco Grand Jury to find an indictment drawn by a Locofoco Attorney, to be tried by a Locofoco jury, packed for the very purpose of conviction, before a Locofoco Judge appointed by a Locofoco President, confirmed by a Locofoco Senate, for the purpose of enforcing obedience to this law.

In disregarding this law the prisoners did right. Their error consisted in sparing the lives of the slave-catchers. Those pirates should have been delivered over to the colored men and consigned to the doom of pirates, which should have been speedily executed. You are aware that this is the doctrine which I proclaimed in Congress. I adhere to it. Had the prisoners executed the slave-catchers promptly, it would have taught the administration a lesson not soon to be forgotten. We should have no more trouble with that class of miscreants. They would have learned better than to show themselves among an intelligent people who know their rights and dare maintain them. But in rescuing their fellow man from the fangs of these blood hounds, the prisoners did right. Present and coming generations will bless them for it. It was a high moral duty, the exercise of a virtue which sheds a halo of glory around the memories of our republican fathers. When arrested for such an act they did well in refusing to give bail: When brought into Court they did right in refusing to give bail: and in my opinion they cannot now recede from the manly position which they have assumed. By these noble acts they have inscribed their names upon a most important page of our history. They no longer act for themselves in this business, but for justice, for liberty, for the cause of freedom. The eyes of the nation are upon them. They should bear in mind the character of the people of this portion of our gallant State: They should remember the pilgrim fathers from whom they have descended. Cleveland is now the Boston of 1775, and I trust her sons will meet the responsibilities thrown upon them with becoming firmness.

As to the future, I see no other course for the prisoners than patiently to await events. Their counsel will apply to the Supreme Court of our State for a habeas corpus whenever sentence shall be pronounced upon any of their number.

I have great confidence in the Judges composing that Court: But should they prove unequal to the occasion, the case will then be fully made up, and the appeal must then be taken to that highest of earthly Tribunals, the source of all political power. The people finding this government to have become "destructive of the lives, the liberties and the happiness of its citizens, will alter or abolish it; and organize its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

This duty, so solemnly enjoined upon us by the founders of our government, in that immortal charter of American liberty to which for almost a century we have been accustomed to look for instruction and direction in regard to our rights, WILL NOT BE NEGLECTED.

Yours for Liberty and the Constitution.

JOHN RALPH PLUMB.

NOT CONTEND.

The Cleveland Leader of May 7th, gives the following report of the proceedings of the District Court.

Court convened at 9 o'clock. Before proceeding with the Langston case District Attorney Belden rose and said: "I beg your Honor's attention to case No. 97,—that of Mr. Mandeville. Mr. Mandeville wishes to enter the plea of 'nolo contendere.' Messrs. R. Cummings, (the number of the case did not reach the reporter's ear), H. D. Niles and D. Williams ask leave to present the same plea. These persons all withdraw the plea of Not Guilty, previously entered. They appear without counsel, being unable to meet the expense of it, and ask me to present their plea for them. I have given considerable attention to these cases, and am satisfied that though the parties are technically guilty they are not morally so. They acted as they did, under momentary excitement. They did not go nine miles, as others did, to make

a deliberate breach of the law. They are all poor men and were obliged to borrow money to come here. They have families which need the benefit of their labor, and I hope your Honor will make their punishment as light as possible."

The Court called on the parties named in the District Attorney's remarks to rise. It then asked them if they had anything further to say with respect to their cases. They replied that Judge Belden had substantially expressed their feelings and wishes.

The Court then said that in consideration of the arguments offered by the District Attorney, it would make the punishment light, and would name as the penalty twenty dollars fine, the costs of prosecution, and imprisonment in Cuyahoga County Jail for twenty-four hours.

The inside history of this matter has been given by one of the defendants. It seems they had an interview last evening, Thursday, with the Marshal, who showed them a letter from Attorney General Black, instructing the Marshal to resist any State Court Habeas Corpus writ to the utmost, and by force. The Marshal said he should refuse to obey any writ from the State Court, and if he was arrested for contempt, he expected to be released by Judge McLean on a writ of Habeas Corpus. The Marshal stated that the law would be thoroughly enforced against the Oberlin men, but there was no disposition to punish severely the Wellington men. Under these statements these men were induced to come into Court and enter their plea, and receive sentence as above.

DEATH OF CHARLES F. HOVEY, ESQ.

The friends of Freedom, Humanity and Progress, in this city and vicinity, were startled, and saddened, last week, by the announcement of the death of this estimable man, who has endeared himself to so many by his many fine qualities, and whose loss will be felt in every direction. The event was quite unexpected; for though he had been confined to his house for the last six months by a severe attack of what was supposed to be chronic rheumatism, still there were no serious apprehensions entertained as to his case; and only a few days before his departure, he seemed to be more comfortable, and it was hoped that at the coming warm season would facilitate his convalescence.

From 1830 to the present time, near thirty years, he has been a very active, enterprising, and successful merchant, in the several importing houses of George Howe & Co., Hovey and Mixture, J. C. Howe & Co., Hovey, Williams & Co., and C. F. Hovey & Co. in Boston.

He went many times to Europe on business, and resided several years in Paris and Rome. His summer residence was for many years in Gloucester, and for the last five years in Framingham. He died at his mansion-house in Kingston street, Boston, on the evening of the 28th of April, 1859, aged 52 years and two months, leaving a wife and four sons.

By his Will, we understand, he made large bequests to his family, and to several of his friends, and gave the rest of his estate for the promotion of the various reforms to which his life had been devoted, and especially to the Anti-Slavery cause; placing on record a very strong testimony in favor of universal and impartial liberty.

We cannot sum up the virtues of the deceased in a more comprehensive and graphic manner, than by quoting Whittier's lines to the memory of another:

Friend of the Slave, and yet the friend of all;
Lover of peace, yet ever foremost when
The need of battling Freedom called for men
To plant the banner on the outer wall;
Gentle and kindly, ever at distress
Melted to more than woman's tenderness,
Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post
Fronting the violence of a maddened host,
Like some grey rock from which the waves are
tossed!

Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not
The faith of one whose walk and word were
right—

Who tranquilly in life's great task-field wrought,
And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught
A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white:
Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own
Leaving to Time and Truth and Penitence alone.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old
plan,

A true and brave and downright honest man!—
He blew no trumpet in the market place,
Nor in the church with hypocrite face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others told of while their hands were still:

And while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply DOING GOOD.

So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know its worth,
And feel how true a man has walked with us
on earth!

FUNERAL OF CHARLES T. HOVEY.

A large company assembled to attend the funeral services of Mr. Hovey, which were conducted by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Thomas Starr King. The following are the remarks made by Mr. Phillips.

We come to look, for the last time, on the face of our very dear friend. Had his death left only this house desolate, had his friends said: "they would have carried him to his last home, speaking only to each other. But he has made many men love him. Our hearts ache for his loss. How many a burden that entering hand has lifted! There are roofs that feel almost as desolate as this, in hearing of his death. It seems fitting, then, that we too should speak of him to each other—speak of the tried, valued, loved friend we have lost, of his sterling worth; and give that marked life a voice.

He wished that no prayer should be solicited at his funeral, no mere ceremony should be performed over his body. He had no faith in the divine inspiration of any book—no faith in any church, nor in any priesthood. He believed only in a good and just Cause of the Universe, to whose finite loving kindness he trusted without a doubt. Let us dare to bury him as he dared to live. Fearless, active, earnest, transparent, devoted, unselfish, full of simplicity—truly any mere form, however sacred, would mar the beautiful consistency of the brave, real life. Though believing in no church, the most marked feature of his soul was a serene faith. He believed in Justice. He thoroughly believed that the right was always safe. He had no trust in any compromise of the exact right. The smallest right of the humblest

man was sacred to him; only by respecting that could any good be won. But this justice was no cold, hard element to him. What other men named generosity, he esteemed only justice. When, entitled by common rule to claim one-half, he put it aside, and accepted one-fifth from his partners, he thought it only justice. For his rule of duty was born of broad consideration of all that strength owes to weakness, knowledge to ignorance, and wealth to his poorer brother; born indeed of loving, human brotherhood.

He was a fearless thinker. The masterly reason of God had given him, he never for an hour hid in a napkin; the possession of it bound him to its use. He proved everything, and held fast what he thought good. And he trusted his convictions as his highest rule. Most emphatically he thought for himself. Bred in trade, it did not, as too often, smother or dull his interest in the profound questions of our nature, of society, of religion. Of course, his interest never warped his judgment.

To be independent of the world, it has been well said, is little. To differ, when reason bids, from our own immediate world, is the test of independence. To this dear friend, the disapproval of those who generally labored with him was no more a temptation than the frown of the great outer world. As truly as can be said of any man, he really thought for himself. And this did not seem a remarkable virtue to him. It required no effort. Neither gain nor favor seemed to have any charm for him. A high nature lifted him above such temptations. And yet he was not harsh, reserved, or ungenial, but wholly the reverse. He kept his soul young—young in its earnestness, its zeal, its childlike faith, and winning simplicity. Men could bear the most hated opinions from those genial lips. He walked up and down our streets, uttering all heresies in Church and State; yet none could hate him—few could get away from the influence of that open, clear, real life that lay behind his speech. He not only believed that every man was his brother, but he made every man feel brotherly to him, and close as a friend. The poor nestled to him. He not only believed the universe was sunny, he brought sunshine with him when he came. But this sweet nature blossomed into thoughtful kindness. It was not what he gave away that marked him. Others give liberally—our merchants have open hands. His peculiarity was the tender thoughtfulness that he never lacked. The sick girl who found, during her five and six weeks of illness, that duty, each Saturday evening, her usual wages were sent her, felt not the amount given, but that thoughtful care that took care to be just where it was needed, and saw to it personally that no one was forgotten.

War, Slavery, Intemperance, he hated. To raise woman's place, he devoted wealth and heart. He left to others the welcomed and easy munificence that holds up enterprises which all love. His hand was stretched out to spread the ideas which bear seed for the future, whose value few see, whose influence many dread. No man said "no" easier to any enterprise which sailed buoyant before a fresh breeze. "The chain with hypocrites at one end, and slaveholders at the other, which men call the Union," was his favorite description of that government whose yoke he sought to lift from the slave's neck. And all his unpopular opinions he uttered just as frankly while he struggled for place and fortune, as after they were both sure, and his position all he could wish. Tender as a woman, he could not bear the sight of suffering or oppression. Firm as granite, he feared no face of man in uttering a hated doctrine, or defending an unpopular cause. Ever truly earnest, restlessly impatient of wrong, his zeal stirred others to effort, while his unobtrusive faith banished despair. Who, on ever forget that emphatic, heart-cheering, "Why, of course," sure to spring to his lips when, in dark moments, any one spoke of the certain triumph of right, notwithstanding!

Men said he held dangerous opinions. But what father called to his wife he does would not thank God, could he leave to his children as brave and useful a life to copy—as dear a name for his neighbors to bless!

If using all the powers God has given one to find out the right, and then fearlessly practicing it, makes a righteous man, then truly he was a righteous man. If "he that doeth good is of God," then was he of God. If "he that loveth his brother abideth in the light," then the same sunshine that shone round him here, cheers him now; for truly he loved his brother, loved truth and right; and now he sees the face of that God who is Justice and Truth. No fear for him: his heart melted down all differences of class, race, education, condition, and held all men close to himself. That tireless brain, that untrusting hand work now, where all we see even as they are seen, and where everything but virtue vanishes.

Let us thank God for his life. The world is better for his having lived. These loved ones mourn the father whose voice was a benediction; but how many, beside these are now crowding round him, who felt that kind hand lifting them, that cheerful voice welcoming them on, that untiring care watching for them with all a father's interest and vigilance!

No matter that he did not call himself a Christian. Many take that sacred name, whose right our judgment denies. The loving and beloved apostle could say, "He that saith, I know God, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." But, on the other hand, hereby know we that we know God, if we keep his commandments." Let us thank God, then, that he strengthened our friend to live a fearless, earnest, unselfish, Christian life. Brother, father, husband of these we may not speak; but we have lost the friend so close, so unselfish, the companion of so many happy, hopeful hours, the stay on which we leaned so lovingly, the strong hand, the generous heart, one who seemed to make our life larger, firmer, sunnier: our little circle has a wide, sad void.

But God doeth all things well. This life of simple, loving, transparent, brotherly well-doing is neither lost nor ended. Thank God for the fifty years that we have been privileged to see it! We bless the mother that bore him—a brave, true man. May we be better for having known him! God help us to borrow of his example! God bless him!

Jeffrey Drown, a negro, who died at St. Joseph, Mo., in the fifty-eight years of his age, was one of the "lions" of the West. The St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette says he was born in St. Louis, a slave of Joseph Robidoux, Sr. Esq., founder of St. Joseph, and passed nearly the whole of his early life with that old and noted trader in the Indian tribes, and became a proficient as interpreter. By association with his master he became an expert trader, and realized sufficient means to purchase his freedom in 1835. He was employed as the Government interpreter for many years. In 1844 he accompanied a number of Iowa, and Sac and Fox Indian chiefs, under the charge of Col. Melody,

to Europe. His interpretation of their languages was so clear and intelligent, that he not only made a favorable impression upon the dignitaries of the foreign courts at which they were received, but, it is said, fascinated a lady of high title.

D'Israeli and other literati had frequent conversations with him, and showed him marked attention. His acquaintance was almost universal in the far west, and many will remember him in Europe. He spoke French as fluently as he did English, or a dozen Indian tongues, with which he was familiar. He was a fine-looking mulatto, with a benevolent, intelligent countenance, stout figure, modest, respectful demeanor, and was an honest and faithful man. He left a wife and children, and several thousand dollars worth of property. He purchased his wife some time ago from Doctor Brown, of Kentucky. No negro was ever more respected or will be more generally regretted than Jeffrey Drown.

AFRICANS FOR SALE.

Somebody has taken the pains to send us, under an envelope postmarked Memphis, the following handbill:

AT AUCTION.
"SOMETHING NEW."
SIX LIKELY
"KONGO AFRICANS."

"JACOB, 22 years old,
"SOLO, 19 years old,
"JIM, 18 years old,
"JESSE, 16 years old,
"SAM, 16 years old,
"MOSES, 10 years old.

"These Africans, with eight or ten natives, will be sold, regardless of price or weather.
"THIS DAY, at 11 o'clock.
"Great bargains are expected. Come one, come all. Sale at my mart."
"BYRD HILL,
Thursday, 28th 1859."

If this is to be accepted as an authentic document, and if Mr. Byrd Hill is not playing tricks upon his customers, and seeking by a startling announcement to draw a crowd of bidders, we are authorized to suppose that these "six likely Kongo Africans" are either part of the importation of the Wanderer, or else some of those previous importations, the announcement of which by the New Orleans journals, though received with incredulity at the time, there is now too much reason to accept as correct.

Should any such Africans be actually offered for sale, and should they be purchased, that transaction, according to the law as recently laid down by Mr. Justice Campbell, in his charge to the Grand Jury for the Southern District of Alabama, will be a violation of the laws of the United States for which both the auctioneer and the purchasers will be liable to indictment; while it will be the duty of the United States Attorney for the District to obtain from the District or Circuit Judge authority to seize the Africans for the purpose of delivering them to the President of the United States, to be returned to their native country. As President Buchanan professes to have a great horror of the revival of the African slave-trade, we trust he will cause this matter to be looked after, and Mr. Byrd Hill, and any other parties implicated, to be held to a strict account.—N. Y. Tribune.

Communications.

[The following letter was not received until last week's paper was made up.]

THAT RUINED BALLOT BOX.

CHARLESTON, O., May 1st, 1859.

"And what will this babbler say?"
Our worthy friend, W. J. Whipper (the colored gentleman who voted at our spring election) has given you in substance the antics of Buchanan Democracy—as concentrated in the person of one of their number who is indicted for selling whiskey, and vented its spite upon myself—up to the time that I was bound over by Esq. Selby, of Paris, in the sum of \$300, to appear before the next Court of Common Pleas, for Portage Co., for the terrible crime of expressing an opinion that Mr. W. had both a moral and legal right to vote.

Perhaps some of your readers are a little curious to know the sequel of this affair. Well in due time my cause came before the Grand Jury. The Union of course was in danger; and all the good, loyal subjects of Jim, were up in the morning, and on hand. The Court House was full of them, with eyes, ears, and mouth open. What's the matter! Has time ended! Is this the last day of grace, and is the last trumpet about to be heard! Not exactly. But all this moss grows out of the fact, that an intelligent, well informed, industrious, peaceful, good citizen (only guilty of being created by God with a dark skin) has put a ball into the box. And here is this criminal who stood by, saw it done, and said "all right." May it please thee, O! Court, let us have him in jail for opinions sake. Let us keep him away from his business; and confine him from his family for the space of six months, and draw from his pockets the snug little sum of \$500.

But the fifteen Jurymen whose votes must not be disregarded, said, No, and by the by, that same Jury found a true bill against Esq. Selby for selling whiskey contrary to law. Democracy, with snubbed nose, is now gnawing a file.

Knock in the whiskey barrel, and you beat out the brains of the Locofoco party. Empty the rum cask, and the soul of the same party runs out, and is lost. Wreat from its talons the slave, and it starves, and dies a natural death.

Hail! ye twin sisters, Slavery and Whiskey, with your ill begotten, bastard child Democracy! Hail! ye children of the Devil! conceived in the bottomless pit, brought forth by the dragon, cradled in hell, and nursed by Satan's imps on Earth!

Do we indeed live under a free government or a despotism? Is Ohio free to-day? Then why are her best citizens arrested and now being tried in Cleveland for obeying the very first impulses of humanity? Have we as much liberty as the subjects of the British Crown? Not quite, for her Majesty will protect people that our government with two and four legged bloodhounds will chase down and enslave. But we are just about as free as the Serfs under the Car of Russia. What say you friends, one and all, is not the fire of '76 still burning in your veins? And if the Supreme Court of Ohio does not say to the prison doors of Cleveland, be ye opened for those 37, then has not the crisis come? And then shall we not muster by thousands upon the shore of Erie, and "leave not one stone upon another?" Shall we leave this battle to be fought by those who come upon the stage after us? No, No! Let us teach our children by practice, as well as precept, the inspiring lesson—"My sons, scorn to be Slaves!" We have put our votes into the ballot box, but

the monster Slavery still lives; and now, if need be, to kill it, let us take our bullets out of the cartridge box, and utterly destroy it.

F. LOOMIS.

LETTER FROM L. C. TODD.

FRIEND JONES—Mr. Foss of New Hampshire, one of the regular Ministers of the Anti-Slavery Gospel, visited us, and spoke on the 1st Sunday of last month (April). The assembly was not large, though we think our best heads and hearts were there. Much prejudice exists against that class of lecturers, because they repudiate the Constitution, and some of them reject the inspiration of the Bible. Mr. Foss ought to have been heard by all, for he said much truth that ought to be considered. I think him an able expounder of God's truth and man's inalienable rights. Most people think the Constitution and Religion of this country too sacred and holy to be investigated with reference to their moral qualities or influence. The bloody system of American Despotism, the most foul and horrid that ever existed on earth, is sustained (as every body knows) by the Federal Government, in accordance with its interpretation of the Constitution. So the religion of this country is generally interpreted by its smooth and accommodating priests to be in perfect harmony with the infernal system. Now I hold, that all Books, Religions, Constitutions and Laws, should be regarded just in proportion as they are just and right—as they contribute to human weal, and secure the inalienable and God-given rights of all, and no further. Man, God-created and gifted Man, of supernatural alliance and Angelic destiny, is higher than Books, Constitutions and Laws. He is the end, and all these are but means. His well-being and safety are before all, and above all. All conventional rules and social regulations are, or should be made to subserve the interests and happiness of universal man. When they conflict with the natural and inherent rights of any, they are always wrong, and it is the duty of all good men to resist them to the extent of their power. Therefore, I hold, that the law for catching fugitive slaves, which is as cruel and unjust as could be invented by all the Devils that were ever damned, ought to be resisted by every person, even by arms and blood if necessary. If this be treason, I glory in being a traitor.

Men are now being tried in Cleveland for resisting tyrants in obedience to God. Long will that work be remembered, and so long will those heroic men be honored and blessed by all friends of liberty. I almost envy them their position and their glory. Every person who helps to execute that bloody behest of a servile Congress is guilty of injustice, of an inhuman outrage. No sin can be greater. He should be spurned and scorned as a hideous villain unworthy to associate with common convicts. No matter what our fathers agreed to do, we are not bound by their pledges. No Congress or human Government can ever authorize or excuse the perpetration of crime. Nay, no Government in the universe can make wrong and injustice right and just. It was on this principle that multitudes of men have resisted wrong and oppression at the expense of their lives, and acquired for their names everlasting honor. Our Putnam and Marions fought, and our Warrens and Montgomeries bled for this glorious principle.

Mr. Foss proposes that the Northern States enact personal liberty laws. That our Legislature make Ohio a free State, (Constitution or not). And that we secure a judiciary that would enforce the decree, that no slave should breathe our air. That when man's foot presses our soil its maledictions shall fall; and every inch of our domain be consecrated to justice and liberty. So that we can wash our hands of the great sin and damning piracy of this nation. Should the Northern States do this, Slavery would be peacefully terminated. The slaveholders would be obliged to emancipate their slaves to keep them to do their work. They could not live without them. They would be compelled to offer them such wages as would induce them to labor. This would substitute compensation for force. And by the organization of schools for their children, the work of progress and elevation would be inaugurated for the future generations of that unfortunate race. But I have very little faith that the States bordering on slavery will ever take a course so wise and just. The masses have so little sense of justice, and are so blinded and befuddled by the slaveholding influence, that I cannot expect such an exercise of wisdom, good sense, and philanthropy. No, no! I have long apprehended that the tremendous national crime will ultimately be wiped out to blood. I think it must be so. To suppose such a gigantic system of cruel and heartless despotism can be perpetuated, indicates a blindness and infatuation equalled only by the huge wickedness of the system. It is absurd to believe four millions of slaves, doubling their numbers every twenty years, constantly drawing into their veins large draughts of the proud Caucasian blood, chased to desperation by unrequited toil, starvation, and all the galling and flesh-mangling instruments of slavery, with all the insolence of irresponsible power, and all the bleeding hearts and broken ties of holy nature, will not, some day, baptize their sufferings and their wrongs in the blood of their oppressors. Science of horror to make Angels weep would be enacted; but God and all the friends of justice would be on the side of the oppressed. The ruling forces of this nation seem to be blind to reason, and deaf to all prudential considerations, given over to believe and practice a monstrous lie, fill up the vast measure of their iniquity, and court the final damnation so richly deserved.

L. C. TODD.

PARKMAN, May 3, 1859.

"We presume there is a diversity of opinion existing among the Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in regard not only to the plenary inspiration of the Bible, but upon various points of theology, to say nothing of a controversy of views in regard to medicine, diet, agriculture, &c. Whatever opinions they may hold as private individuals, they discuss no question but that of Slavery in their meetings. Some of the agents, we know, are very orthodox, some not so much so—some receive the Bible as the early fathers in the Church, others perhaps receive as inspiration every word it contains, interpolations and all. As agents of the American A. S. Society they lecture against Slavery, and not against the Bible, nor run the Bible, as such; not against theology of any kind, nor for it, as such. So far as any organization, or institution, or any law sustains Slavery, it is proper for them to show wherein it does this, and in support of American chattelism. (Editor Boston)

THE FOUR MILLIONS—THE COLORED MEN OF OHIO.

MR. EDITOR: The People of Deer Creek met on Sunday evening, May the 1st, 1859, to take in consideration the proceedings of the Court that is now being held at Cleveland, for the purpose of convicting those noble citizens of Oberlin who are held to answer, and to suffer the penalties of the law for doing God service; and to consider what means should be taken if those men should be imprisoned. Wm. Carter was appointed Chairman,

and J. J. Freeman, Secretary. Mr. Whipper of Charleston, Portage Co., and some three or four others addressed the meeting.

I can sympathize with those men, and feel as though I was bound with them; but why should I, or any, or feel more indignant for them, than for the four millions that are shut up in a prison house, darker, and that has bars and bolts stronger than any that fasten our jails and penitentiaries? Men grow indignant at the *fruits* of Slavery and see no cause for indignation at the *tree* itself. Politicians are outraged at the effects of tyranny, while they will not touch the cause, to remove it, with one of their fingers. The people of the Northern States grew indignant when the Fugitive Slave bill of '50 was passed, but like a hurricane, their indignation soon subsided. They became indignant at the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and grew so anti-slavery as to get up a political party whose platform declared that they were inflexibly opposed to meddling with slavery in fifteen States of the Union. They again became indignant at Judge Taney's decision in the case of Dred Scott; and I am glad that men are beginning to awake from their slumbers of eighty two years. They talk now of State Sovereignty; and the duty of protecting the liberties of the citizens of Ohio. Has not the liberty of the people of this State been trampled on ever since Ohio was admitted into the Union? Why, sir, I see no more cause to feel indignant, than when Margaret Garner was taken back into slavery. I am no more an enthusiast for liberty, than on New Year's day, when a slave was burnt at the stake in Kentucky for carrying out the principles of Washington and others of our Revolutionary fathers. Every philanthropist should be indignant every day until slavery and oppression be swept from the soil of our country; and every heart should beat high for the overthrow of slavery. The incarceration of thirty-four of the citizens of Ohio arouse the people; yet 12,500 of the colored citizens of Ohio are not free. Chase, of Stark county, can offer a bill to exclude persons that have any trace of African blood in their veins from the ballot box, and it became a law. Slavery commands the people of the North and they like obedient spaniels crouch at her feet!

What keeps the slave in his chains? First, the Constitution is proslavery in letter and spirit—Second, the political parties swear to support that instrument. Third, the public sentiment is against him. Fourth, the executive power is proslavery, and James Buchanan uses this and the armies, and navy, as the great national key to lock up slave's prison-house. No nation, boasting of liberty as does this nation, has as dark a picture of tyranny in its history. Men say now as they did in the time of Christ, "If we had lived in the day of the framers of the Constitution, we would not have had even an ambiguous clause concerning slavery in that instrument." Yet they support it with all its proslavery and ambiguous clauses, and urge that it is the best they can do. When I take a glance over the history of this nation, and read the decisions of the many Judges in favor of slavery, and see the conduct of the Judges that is now sitting in Cleveland upon the cases of those men that are incarcerated; it seems to me I can hear the Judge of the Highest Court say "Inasmuch as you did it unto these, my brethren, you did it unto me. Depart ye workers of iniquity into everlasting punishment, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." I am glad that the human family is so connected, that for one part to have perfect liberty they must bestow the same upon the other. Upon this principle I build my faith for the redemption of the slave.

Knowing God is our common father, and all mankind the children of the same father, therefore I expect to fight on, and ever, until death or victory shall end our efforts.

J. J. FREEMAN.

SENTENCE OF JUDGE VONDERSMITH.

The eccentrics—to call them by no worse a name—of Judge Cadwalader, are becoming proverbial. This morning he sentenced Judge Vonder-smith, who was convicted of forgery, to pay a fine of \$5,000, and to undergo an imprisonment of twenty years. His honor said that if the prisoner would pay \$30,000 into the treasury, he would sign a memorial for the remission of ten years of the imprisonment. But without this qualification, which is of itself an extraordinary one, the sentence is astonishing. If the Judge could have added a little hanging, it would have been agreeable to his Honor, while at the same time it would have been quite consistent.

A few weeks ago, when the mate of a ship was proved to have been guilty of the vilest crimes to sentence, Judge Cadwalader sat on the bench as his champion and made an earnest defence of the practice of maltreating sailors, as highly conducive to good morals and accordant with humanity. The jury nevertheless, did not agree with the Judge, and convicted the prisoner, and his honor let him off with the slightest sentence possible. Now we have a man convicted of forging warrants, and he is condemned to a penalty of one hundred years of imprisonment. His imprisonment will be for the rest of his natural life. His fine of \$5,000 is probably fairly inflicted. But the idea of suggesting to a man to restore \$30,000 under a promise that he may have a chance of a pardon, is an absurdity. If he pays the fine and restores the money that should be sufficient. If he is imprisoned for life, and besides is asked to make restitution of the money, the extravagance of the punishment is without precedent.

There is an article of the Constitution of the United States which says that "excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel punishment inflicted." Judge Vonder-smith may safely trust his case to this protective clause. A sentence like this cannot be carried out. Either he will be discharged on *habeas corpus* before the Supreme Court, or the President will pardon him, and the public will approve of a pardon in such a case. The true ends of justice will be, perhaps, defeated; for the prisoner, who deserved to suffer for the frauds he perpetrated, will escape punishment altogether. But this is better than that such monstrous cruelty as this should be practiced by the sanction of a tribunal of the United States. In the meantime, in view of the eccentrics developed lately in this and other cases, it is not expedient to get out a writ de *habeas corpus* in the case of Hon. John Cadwalader!—Philadelphia Bulletin.

ZANESVILLE, O., May 10.—Reuben Johnson, the negro that took lead in trying to rescue the fugitive slave Jackson, was arrested to-day. He attempted to shoot Deputy Marshall Campbell, but the revolver missed fire.